

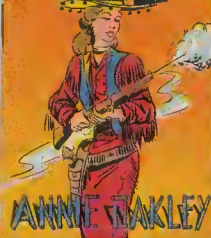
COWBOY No. 31

10¢
F.R.I.

ALL COMICS

WESTERN

COMICS





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Chief Wild Feather Gets A Free Ride

The speck in the distance grew larger and larger. Hank Riley, station master of the Pony Express at Rodger's Bluff, could afford the luxury of a smile. His best rider, Burt Willis, was on time and the mail would go through. He yelled an order to the relay rider. "Git on your horse pronto." No further words were needed for Jim Keetly as he swung into his saddle.

The fast half-breed California mustang carrying Burt stopped in front of the hitching post at the station. A thin lanky man wearing a stained buckskin suit slid off the saddle. Then he handed his sack of mail to his relief rider with but one comment, "Chief Wild Feather is on the warpath. His men are covering the territory from Fort Benton to Carson's Sink. So ride like the blazes."

Finished with this bit of advice Burt entered the station and slumped into the frontier's version of an easy chair which was thick with cut buffalo robes. He stroked the stubble of a beard on his face and then remarked to his boss and friend, "Don't know which to do first. Get some rest or eat."

"Better eat first. Got some bacon in on the last freighter and believe it or not, Pancho actually managed to find some fresh eggs. Kept them for you." Then Hank Riley shouted at the top of his voice. "Pancho, some grub for Mr. Willis. And pronto. Don't burn the bacon this time."

Burt stretched his legs while waiting for the food to come to the table. "You know this is my last run," he confided to his friend. "Got enough money to take up the option on my land in the territory. Going to build a ranch. Believe me I am grateful to Mr. Alexander Major for paying us such high wages as pony express riders. One hundred and fifty dollars a month with a bonus thrown in amounts to something at the end of the year. Especially if you don't spend it."

Hank Riley hesitated a minute before he spoke. When it comes to matters of the heart

even a rough westerner knew that tact was the order of the day. The only trouble was that he didn't know how to be tactful so he came right to the point. "What about Ruth Wallace? Is she going to be your wife or not? That gal has no right to break your heart."

Burt Willis was conscious of his Adam's apple as he began to speak. The words just didn't come so easy across his lips. "Ruth is a fine girl. Make any man a good wife. Haven't seen her for a month. She was with her uncle at Fort Benton. Seems she gave her word to another man. Won't tell me who he is. I know she loves me but she's going to marry this other fellow because to her a word of honor is sacred. Guess I better forget her."

"The food she get cold if you no hurry to table," announced Pancho who acted as chief, assistant station master, and general helper at the pony express station. Burt went over to the table and in ten minutes the dishes were clean. "I'm going up to my room and get some shut eye. Tell Pancho to wake me before the stage coach leaves for the Fort."

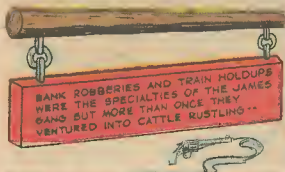
After a dozen hours of sleep a refreshed Burt Willis stood outside of the express station. The coach was almost ready to leave and Hank Riley was giving final orders to the driver. "You'll have to drive straight through with your team of mules. Word came in last night that the Indians raided the station at Howard's Crossing. Ran off all the stock and killed Tom Harrigan."

The last passenger about to enter the coach turned to the station master. "I would like to send a pony express letter to someone in Johnson City. How much would it cost?"

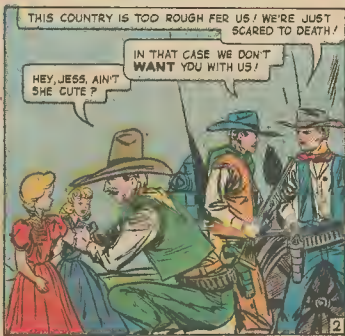
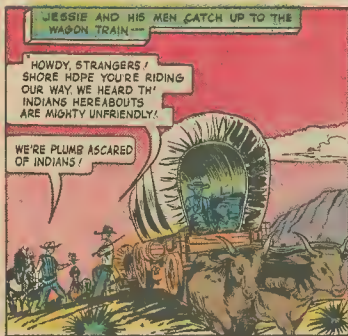
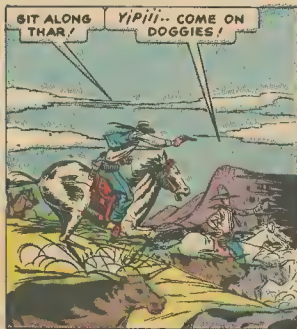
Hank shook his head in the negative. "Sorry. You couldn't send a letter there for any amount of money. No run to Johnson City. Chief Wild Feather and his Braves got my last three men. And they have even been attacking Johnson City."

WANTED JESSIE JAMES

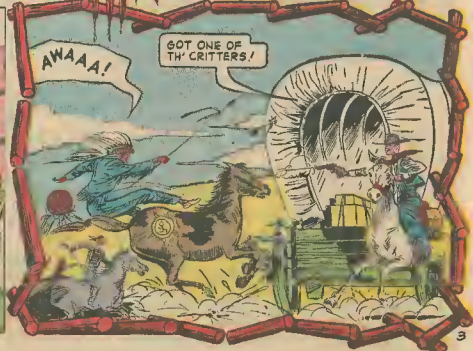
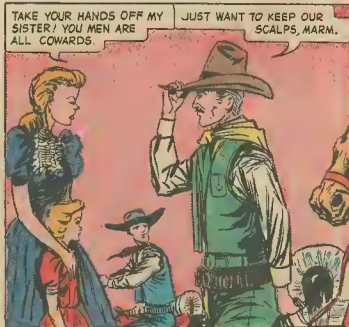
THERE HAVE BEEN THOSE WHO WOULD PAINT JESSIE JAMES AS A CHIVALROUS AND PICTURESQUE OUTLAW. MOST PEOPLE WHO KNEW, HOWEVER, INSIST HE WAS A RUTHLESS THRILL-HUNTING MURDERER. THIS TRUE STORY OF ONE OF JESSE'S COUNTLESS ESCAPADES GIVES MORE THAN A LITTLE CREDULANCE TO BOTH VIEWPOINTS.



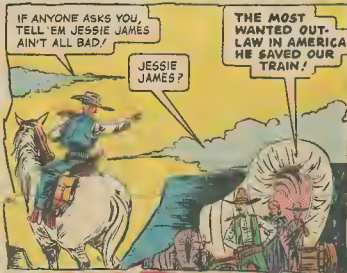
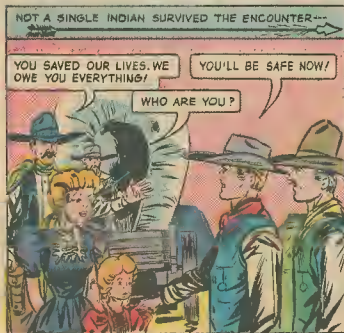
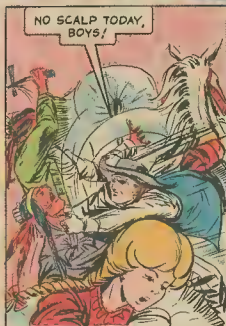
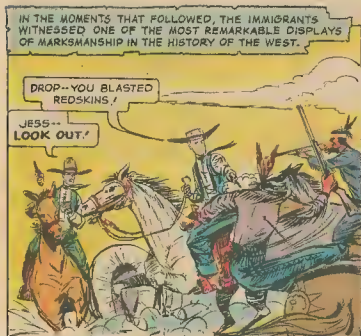
COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



THE END

PECOS *Bill*

GOSH! TH' BLAMED MOSQUITOES ARE SURE BAD AROUND HERE TONIGHT!

WHERE THERE'S EVIL DOIN'S A'BREW'IN'!
OR VILLAINISH PLANS A'STEWIN'!
THERE SOON YOU CAN EXPECT PECOS!
SO CLEAR AWAY TH' WIMMIN' AN' CHILDREN CAUSE THERE'S SURE TO BE A FRACAS!

OH BOY! TH' STARS ARE SURE OUT TONIGHT!

OOF!

SLAP! BZZ

in
SWEETHEARTS OR STRANGERS

BY

C/Pnt HARMON

MONWELL! I DON'T THEENK THEY WANT US TO HANG AROUND HERE!

NO, YOU EES WRONG! ISIDORE I THEENK THEY WOULD LOVE TO HAV' US HANG AROUND HERE,--"GLUP!!-- TO A TREE!

BANG! BANG! BANG!

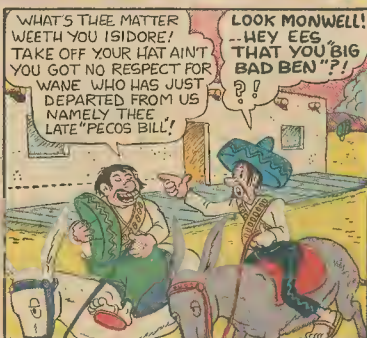
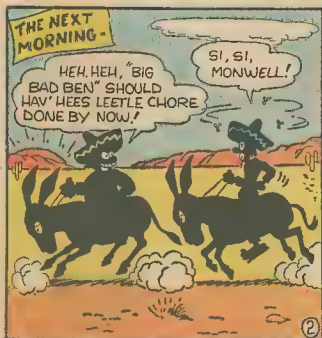
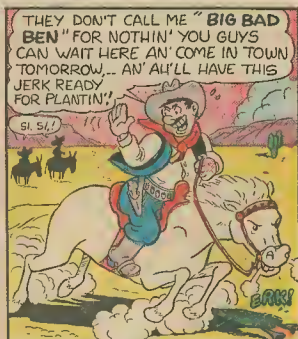
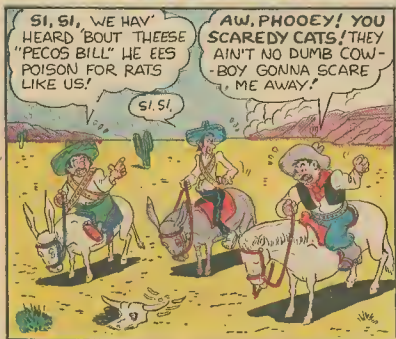
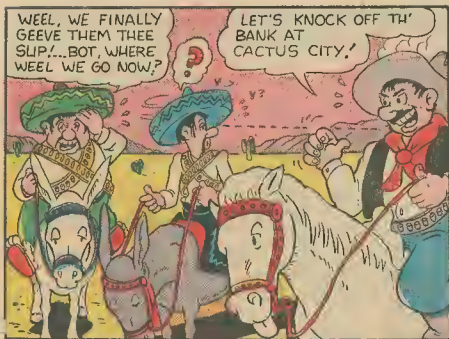
CO-ZING!

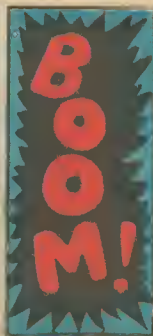
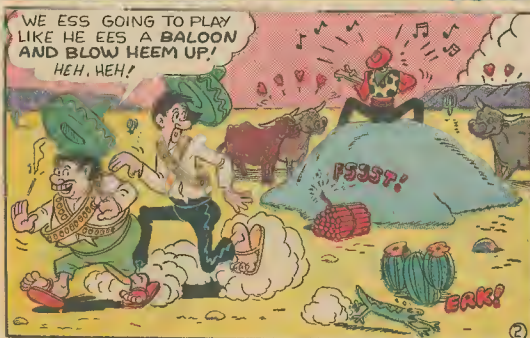
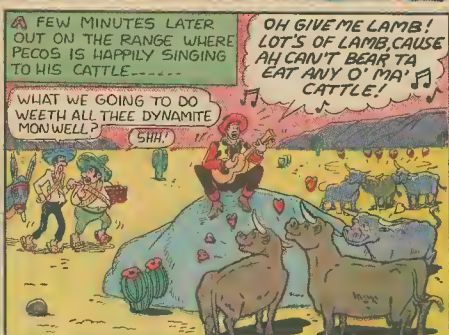
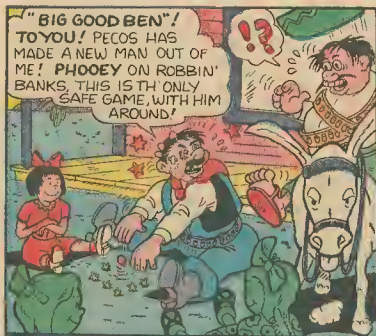
O-ZING!

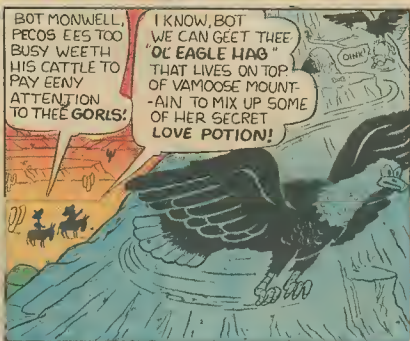
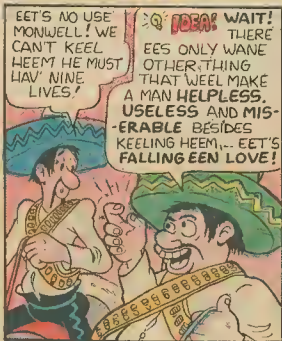
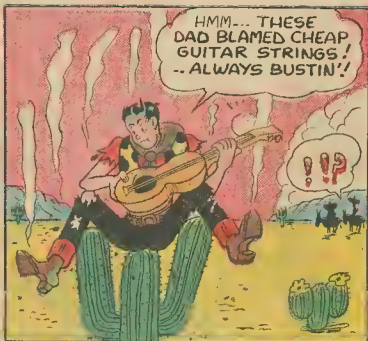
GOO GOO GOO GOO



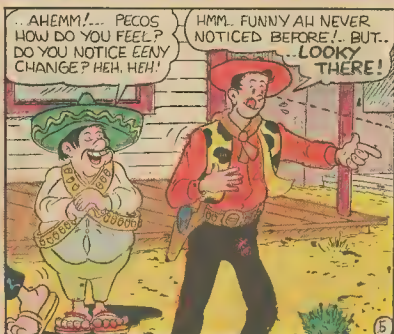
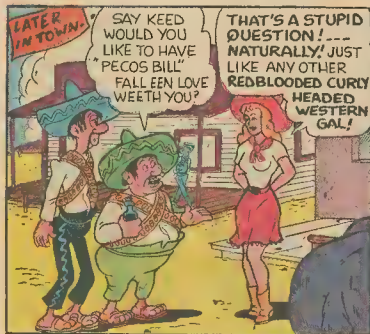
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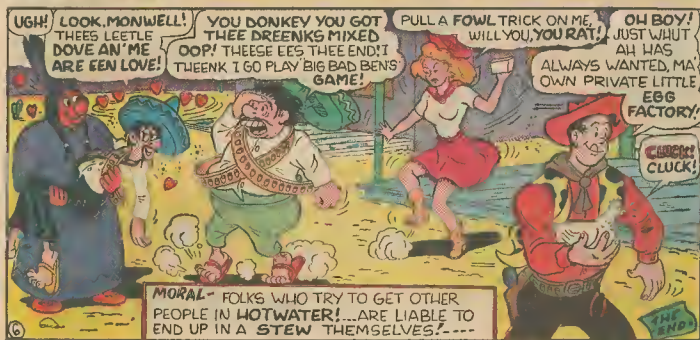
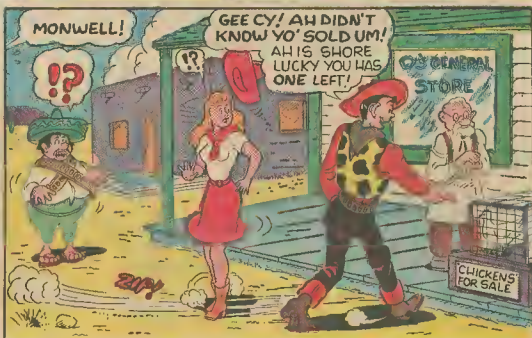
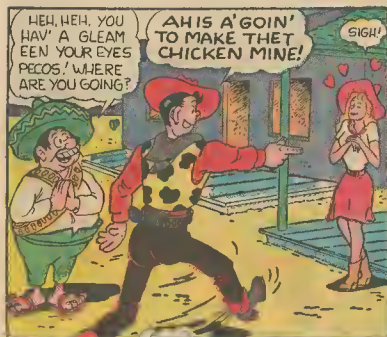




COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS





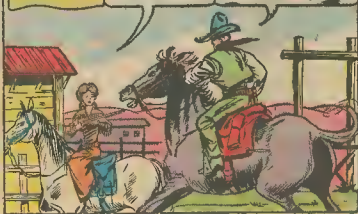
IT BEGAN IN THE YARD OF
HER WESTERN MOUNTAIN HOME.

SHUCKS, BROWNIE, RECKON I
SHOULD SHOOT A BIT TO TH'
RIGHT. I SHOULD'VE CUT THESE
NAILS PLUMB IN TWO.

A CLATTER OF
HOOPS ON THE
TRAIL AND--

WHAT IN
THUNDER--

I'VE GOT TO HAVE A
FRESH HORSE, QUICK!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

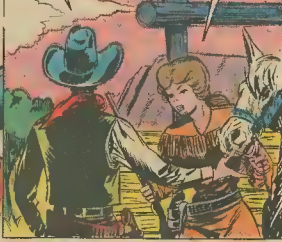
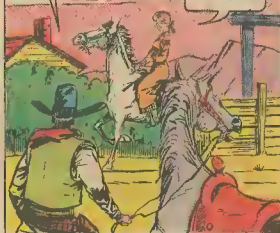
I'M DEPUTY COLE OF TURNER CENTER. THE EXPRESS OFFICE WAS HELD UP AND THE ROBBER KILLED THREE MEN. HE CAME THIS WAY.

HE SHORE DIDN'T PASS BY HEAH, OR AH'D O' SEEN HIM.

HE LEFT TH' TRAIL BACK THAR AND BY-PASSED YOUR PLACE THROUGH THE WOODS.

TIME IS IMPORTANT-- DO YOU RECKON YOU HAVE A FRESH HORSE ?

SHORE--TAKE BROWNIE HERE. HE'S TH' FASTEST CRITTER IN THESE PARTS!



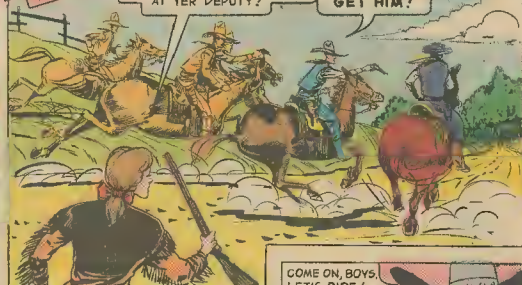
JUST IN CASE SOMETHING SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOUR HORSE--HERE'S SECURITY.

YOU JUST BE SURE AND BRING HIM BACK.

A FEW SECONDS LATER--

SHERIFF--YORE SHOOTING AT YER DEPUTY!

THERE HE IS-- GET HIM!



COME ON, BOYS. LET'S RIDE!

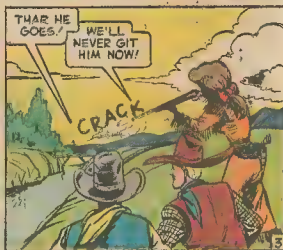
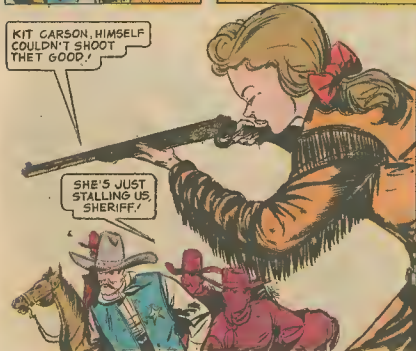
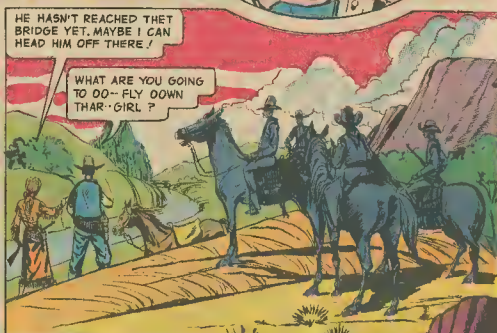
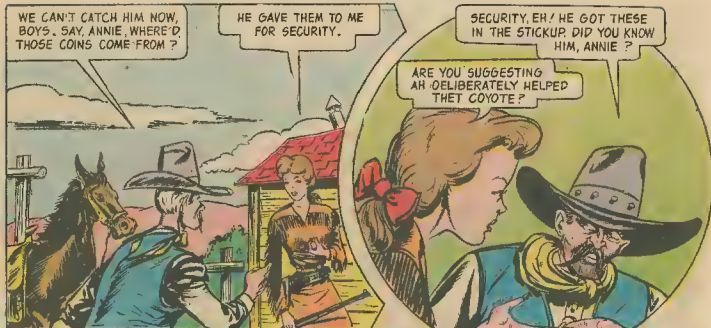
ANNIE, THAT HOMBRE ROBBED TH' EXPRESS OFFICE!

HE--HE DID--

IT'S NO USE, SHERIFF. I GAVE HIM A FRESH HORSE--YOURS ARE ALL TUCKERED OUT!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

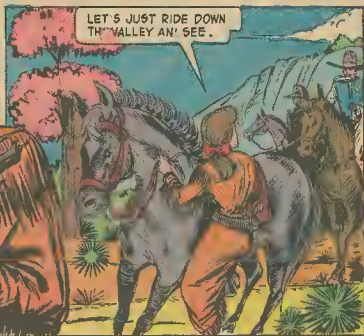


COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

YO' MISSED A MILE!
I GOT HIM...
I KNOW I
DID!
DID ANYBODY
THINK SHE'D
HIT HIM?



LET'S JUST RIDE DOWN
THE VALLEY AN' SEE.



I LED HIM JUST RIGHT--AN' I'VE
BEEN PRACTICING SHOOTING
JUGS ON THE BRIDGE.

IF YOU GOT HIM
IT'S THE BEST
SHOOTIN' AH
EVER SEEN!

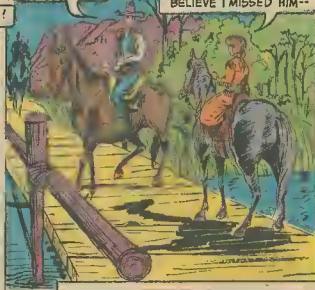
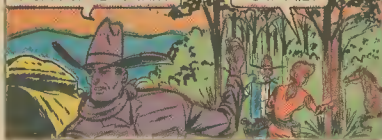
WAL--I GUESS YOU'RE
SATISFIED.

MAYBE YORE RIGHT,
SHERIFF, BUT I CAN'T
BELIEVE I MISSED HIM--



SHE HIT HIM! THERE'S
A SPOT OF BLOOD HEAR!

AN' HEAR COMES MY HORSE,
BROWNIE!



THAR WAS A SECOND THAR WHEN EVEN
I THOUGHT AH'D PLUMB MISSED!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE BANDIT,
SERIOUSLY WOUNDED, IS FLUSHED
FROM THE WOODS--

YA WANT TO KNOW
SOMETHING, SHERIFF?

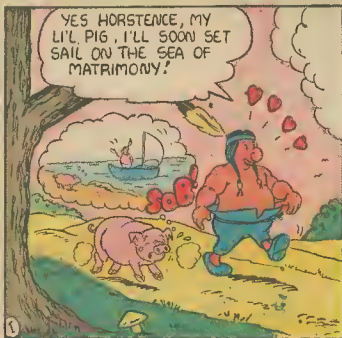
THAT'S THE
BEST SHOOTIN' THESE PARTS EVER
SEEN!

GIT!

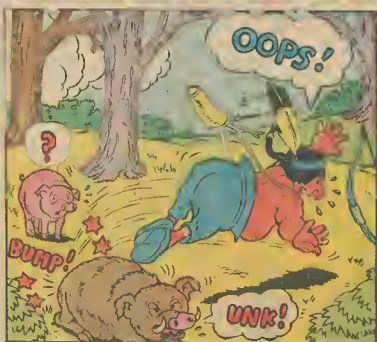
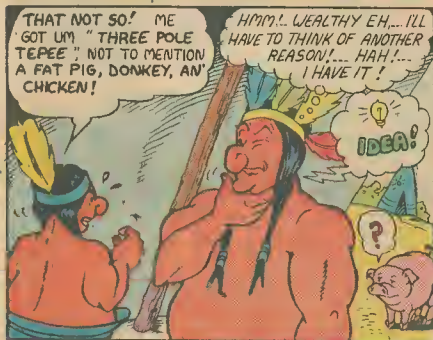
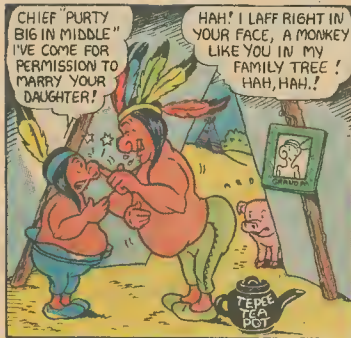


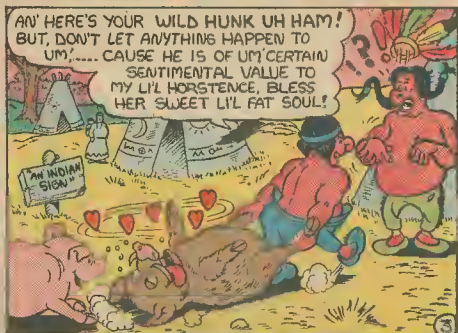
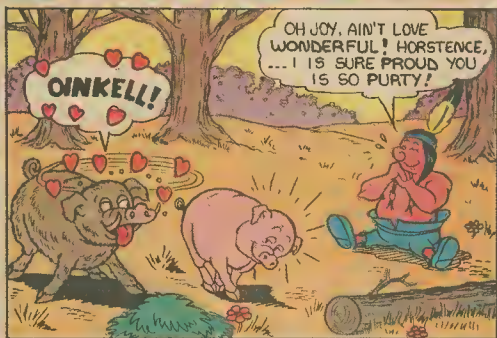
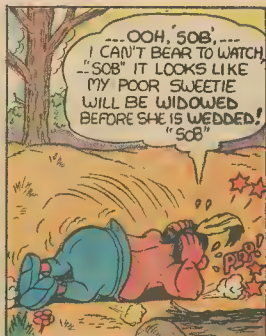
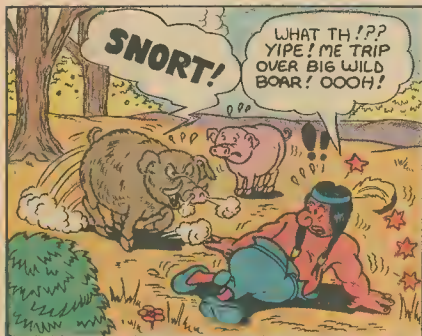
THE END

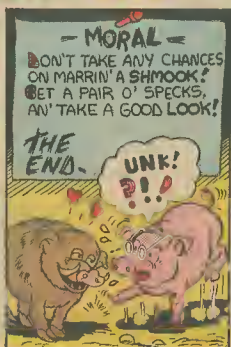
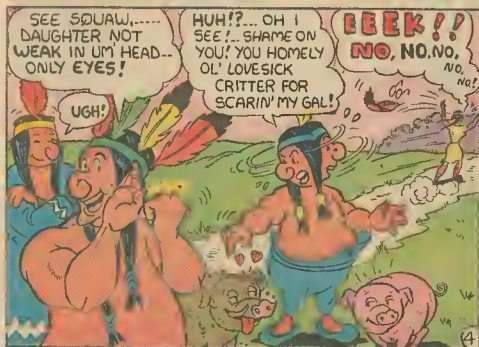
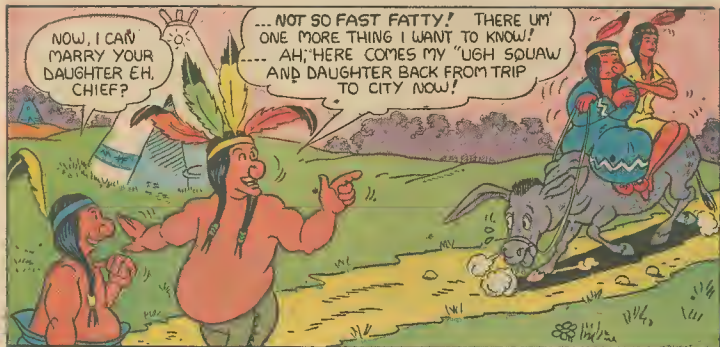
Li'l Hootie



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS







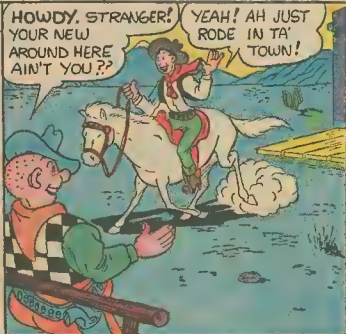
HAPPY HOMER

IN
"FOWL PLAY"



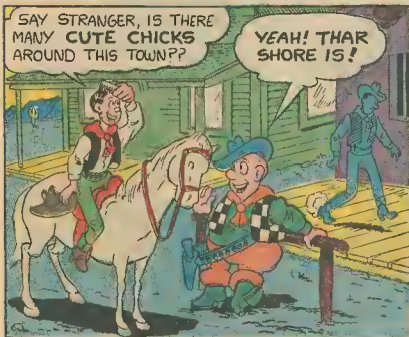
HOWDY, STRANGER!
YOUR NEW
AROUND HERE
AIN'T YOU??

YEAH! AH JUST
RODE IN TA'
TOWN!



SAY STRANGER, IS THERE
MANY CUTE CHICKS
AROUND THIS TOWN??

YEAH! THAR
SHORE IS!



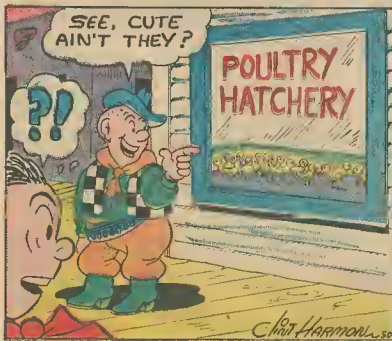
OH BOY!...BUT
AH DON'T SEE
ANY!

JUST
FOLLOW
ME!



SEE, CUTE
AIN'T THEY?

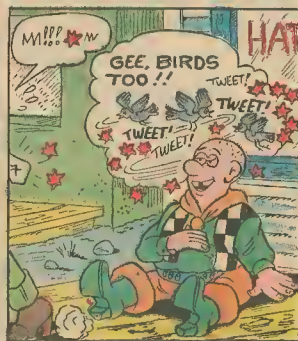
POULTRY
HATCHERY



MY!!!

GEE, BIRDS
TOO!!

HAT



Art Harmon 50

LEGENDS OF PAUL BUNYAN

GRANDPA, WHAT KEEPS THE
BIG LAKES FROM GOING
DRY IN TH' HOT SUMMER TIME?

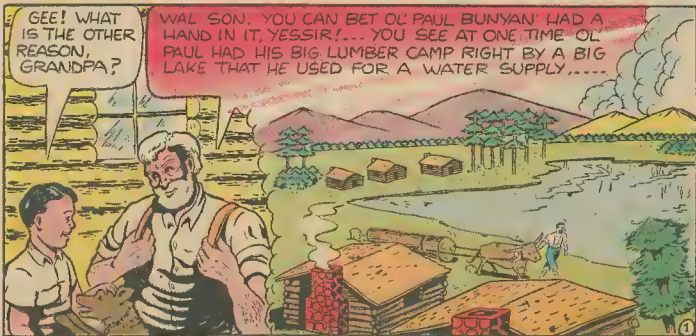
WAL, SOME FOLKS
SAY IT'S TH' RAIN,
BUT THERE IS
ANOTHER REASON
SON, YESSIR!



BY CHIT HARTON

GEE! WHAT
IS THE OTHER
REASON,
GRANDPA?

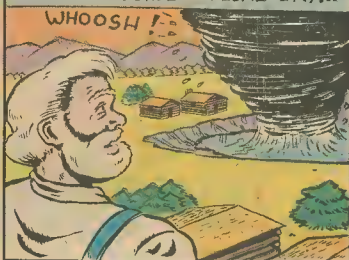
WAL SON, YOU CAN BET OL' PAUL BUNYAN HAD A
HAND IN IT, YESSIR!... YOU SEE AT ONE TIME OL'
PAUL HAD HIS BIG LUMBER CAMP RIGHT BY A BIG
LAKE THAT HE USED FOR A WATER SUPPLY,....



ONE DAY OL PAUL WAS SURPRISED TO SEE A BIG GIANT TWISTER HEADIN' RIGHT SMACK FOR HIS CAMP,

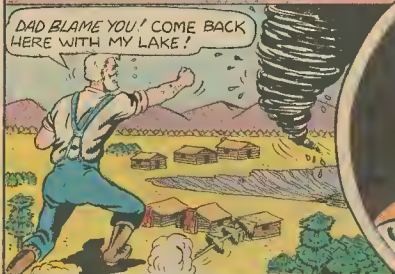


AND WHAT DO YOU THINK HAPPENED?..
--WAL, THAT BIG OL' TWISTER JUST DIPPED RIGHT DOWN IN OL' PAUL'S LAKE AN' SUCKED IT PLUMB DRY!..



... THEN IT STARTED BACK UP INTO TH' SKY TAKING OL' PAUL'S LAKE WITH IT!..

DAD BLAME YOU! COME BACK HERE WITH MY LAKE!

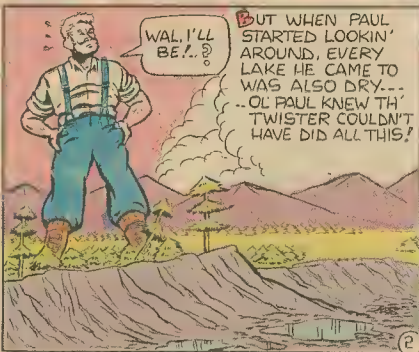


HMM...TOO LATE TO DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT NOW! I'LL JUST MOVE MY CAMP TO ANOTHER LAKE!



WAL, I'LL BE!..?

BUT WHEN PAUL STARTED LOOKIN' AROUND, EVERY LAKE HE CAME TO WAS ALSO DRY...
--OL' PAUL KNEW TH' TWISTER COULDN'T HAVE DID ALL THIS!

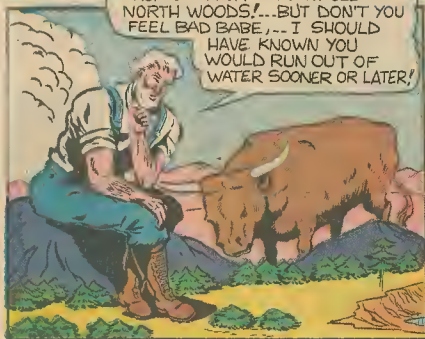
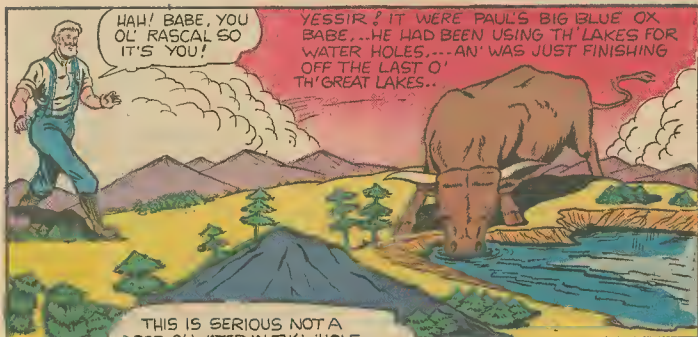


...HE WAS SO MAD HE COULD BITE STICKS--ER..I MEAN PINE TREES INTO--

THERE'S SOMETHIN' FUNNY GOIN' ON HERE!

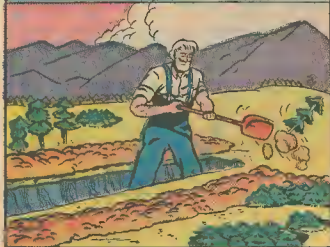


COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

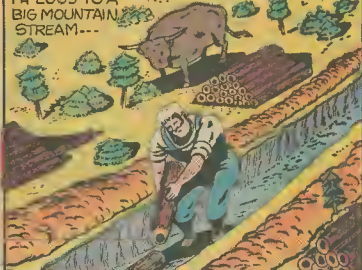


COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

..SOON AS HE FINISHED WITH THE LOGS,...HE STARTED DIGGIN' A BIG DITCH FROM HIS DRY LAKE CLEAN ACROSS TH' COUNTRY TO SOME BIG MOUNTAINS-----



..THEN HE LAID THE LOGS IN THE DITCH FITTING THEM TOGETHER,...WHEN PAUL REACHED TH' MOUNTAIN'S HE CONNECTED TH' LOGS TO A BIG MOUNTAIN STREAM---

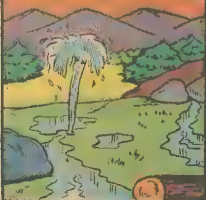


PLENTY O' WATER NOW BABE!

PAUL THEN COVERED THE LINE OF LOGS AN' A'FORE LONG THE WATER FROM TH' MOUNTAIN STREAM FILLED UP HIS LAKE,...AN' SON, THAT WAS THE VERY FIRST PIPELINE,... PAUL LATER FILLED THE OTHER LAKES TH' SAME WAY----

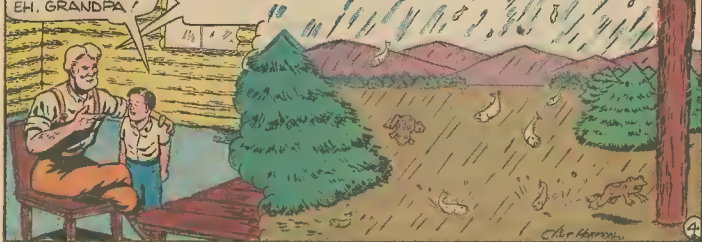


..BUT AFTER MANY YEARS BEIN' IN TH' GROUND PAUL'S BIG LOG PIPE-LINES HAVE SPRUNG A FEW LEAKS,.AN' THATS WHY WE HAVE SPRINGS AND ARTESIAN WELLS!

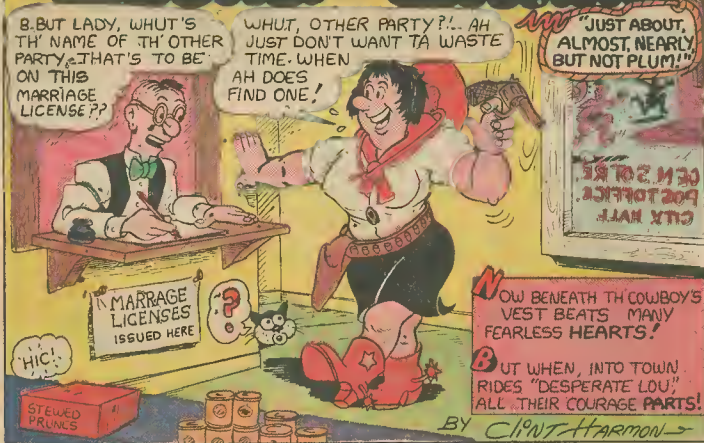


GOLLY,..SO THAT'S WHY THE LAKES NEVER GO DRY, TH' LOG PIPELINE KEEP THEM FULL EH, GRANDPA!

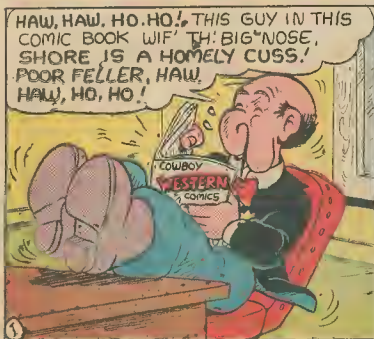
YES SON,...BUT THERE'S ONE MORE THING,..YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT FISH AND FROGS COMING DOWN WITH A HARD RAIN,..WAL, SOME FOLKS SAY THAT IT'S JUST THAT BIG OL' TWISTER UP THERE DROPPIN' PART O' TH' LAKE IT STOLE FROM OL' PAUL!

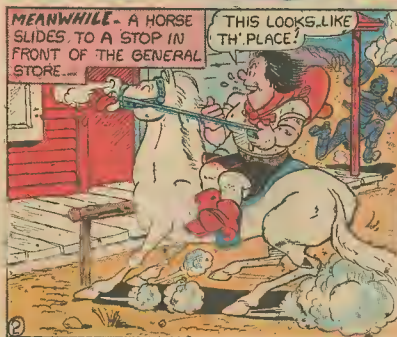
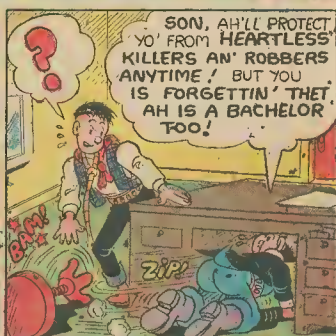
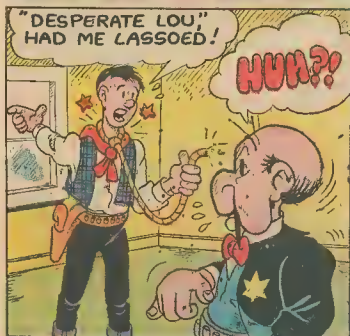
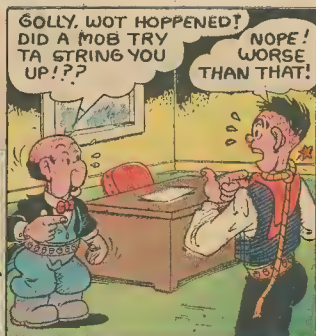
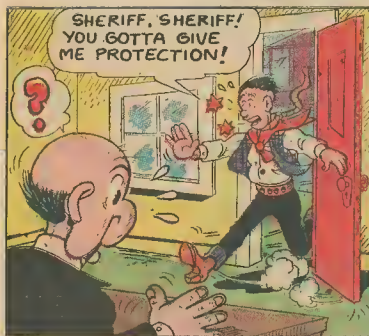


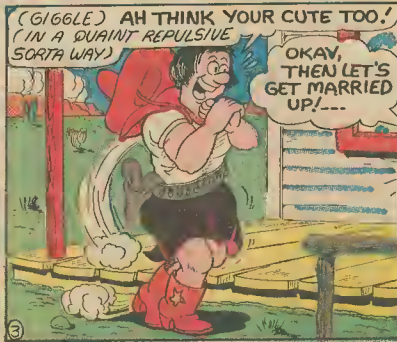
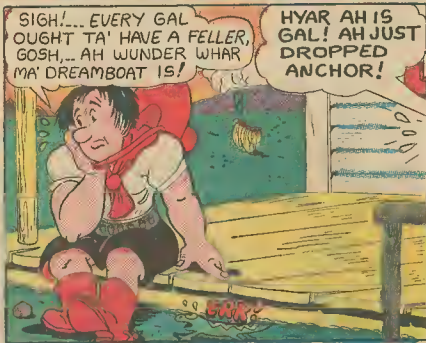
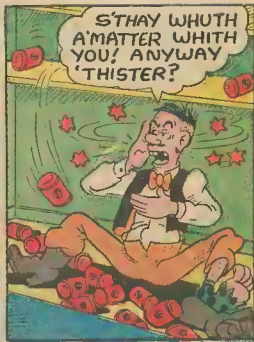
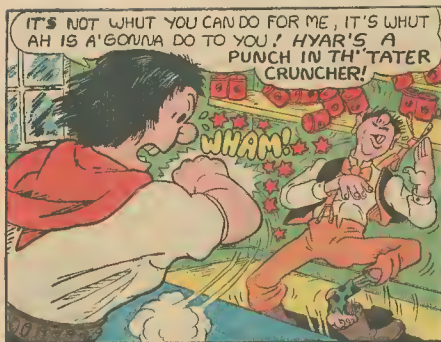
DENVER MUDD AND BUSHEY BARNS

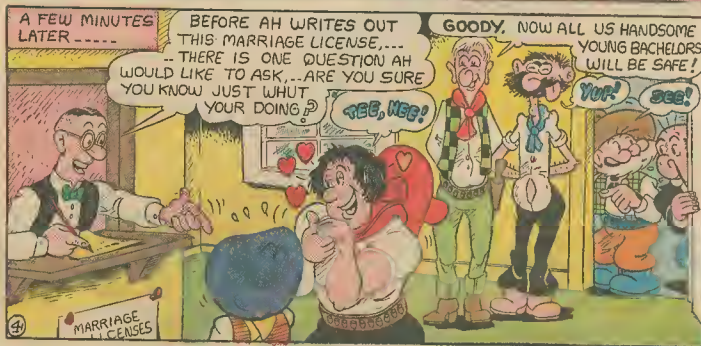
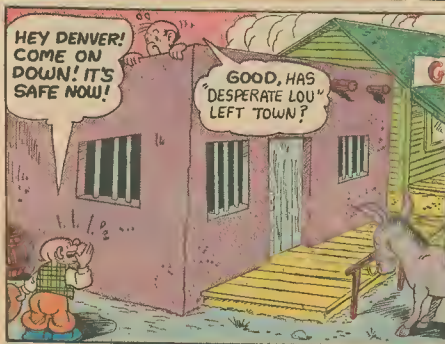
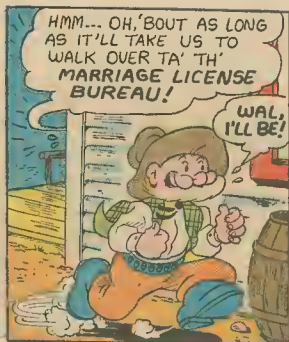
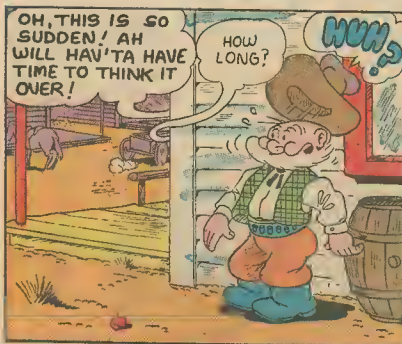


BY CLINT HARMON

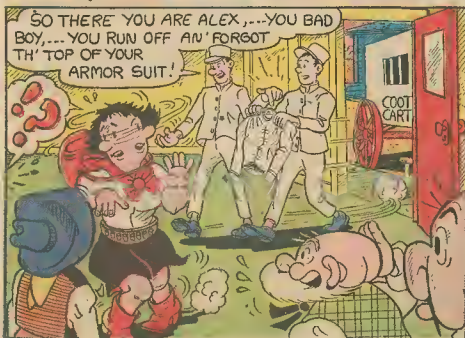
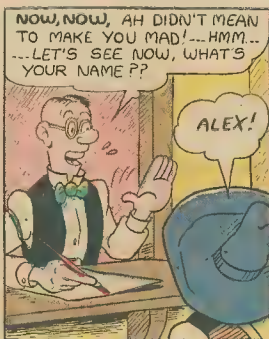
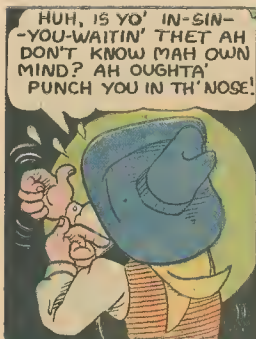








COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



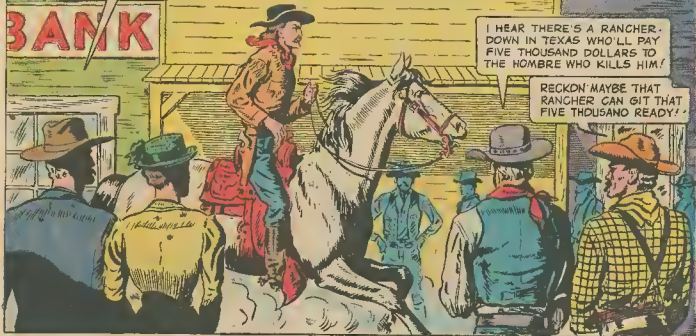
THE ACTION PACKED STORY OF WILD BILL HICKOK

"WILD BILL" HICKOK IS REPUTED TO HAVE KILLED MORE THAN THIRTY-FIVE MEN IN GUNFIGHTS DURING HIS FABULOUS ERA. EVERY KILLING, HOWEVER, WAS COMMITTED EITHER AS A DUTY OR IN SELF DEFENSE. THIS IS ANOTHER STORY OF HIS INCREDIBLE COOLNESS WHEN FORCED TO DEFEND HIS LIFE.

THAT'S WILD BILL HICKOK,
THE DEADLIEST GUNFIGHTER
IN THE WEST!

I HEAR THERE'S A RANCHER
DOWN IN TEXAS WHO'LL PAY
FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS TO
THE HOMBRE WHO KILLS HIM!

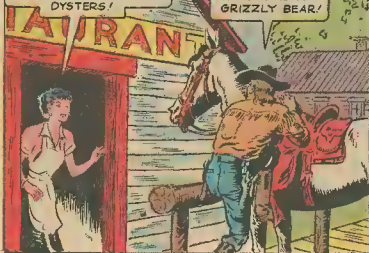
RECKON MAYBE THAT
RANCHER CAN GIT THAT
FIVE THOUSAND READY!



NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA -- 1873

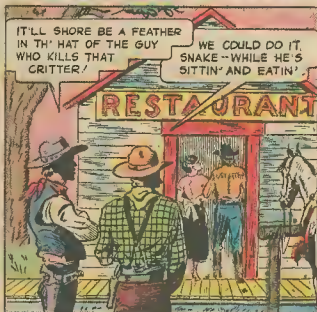
WELCOME, WILD BILL -- GOT
YORE FAVORITE TODAY --
DYSTERS!

GOOD, AH'M AS
HUNGRY AS A
GRIZZLY BEAR!

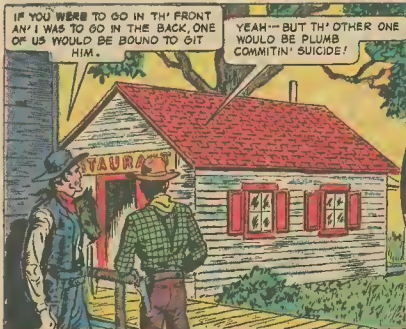


IT'LL SHORE BE A FEATHER
IN TH' HAT OF THE GUY
WHO KILLS THAT
CRITTER!

WE COULD DO IT,
SNAKE -- WHILE HE'S
SITTIN' AND EATIN'!



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



IF YOU WERE TO GO IN TH' FRONT AN' I WAS TO GO IN THE BACK, ONE OF US WOULD BE BOUND TO GIT HIM.

YEAH-- BUT TH' OTHER ONE WOULD BE PLUMB COMMITTIN' SUICIDE!

WE CAN SET OUR WATCHES SO THAT WE ENTER THE RESTAURANT AT EXACTLY THE SAME SPLIT SECOND--AND WE'LL GO IN SHOOTIN'-- HE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE!

AH'M WILLIN' IF YOU ARE!



NEEDING STIMULANT TO CARRY OUT THEIR COWARDLY PLAN, THE TWO DESPERADOES ENTER THE "LAST STOP" SALOON.

NOW AT 1:42 PRONTO, I'LL GO IN THE FRONT OF THE RESTAURANT-- AND YOU GO IN THE BACK.

WE BETTER SHOOT FAST OR WILD BILL WILL HAVE MORE NOTCHES ON HIS GUN.

??



BUT WILD BILL HAD FRIENDS AS WELL AS ENEMIES---

NOW REMEMBER, 1:42 IS THE TIME!

COUNT ON ME, NEBRASKA! I'LL TELL HIM!



A FEW MINUTES LATER--

BE QUICK NOW! HAVE YOU GOT THE TIME RIGHT?

YES, MA'AM-- 1:42, I'LL TELL HIM!



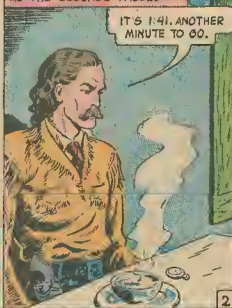
YOU'LL BE CAREFUL, WON'T YOU, BILL?

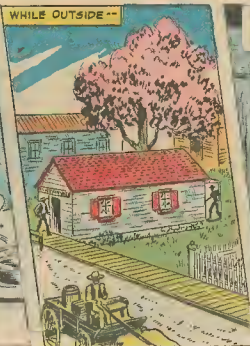
DON'T WORRY ABOUT WILD BILL, CHILD. YOU GO BACK IN THE KITCHEN AND GET OUT OF SIGHT! WE DON'T WANT YOU KILLED!



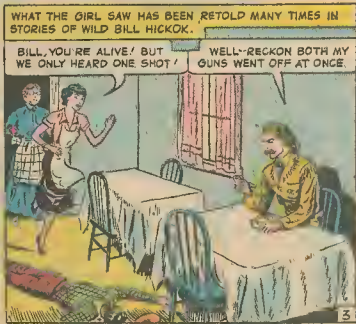
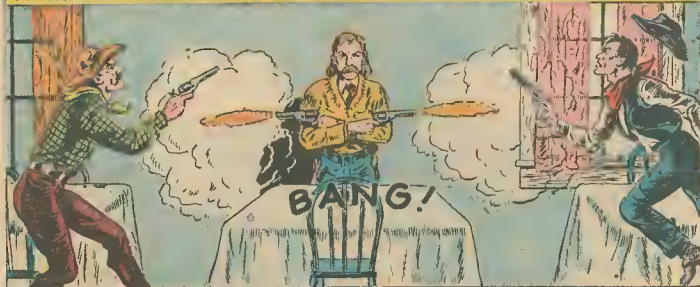
AND SO WILD BILL WAITED CALMLY AS THE SECONDS PASSED--

IT'S 1:41. ANOTHER MINUTE TO GO.





ALTHOUGH BOTH HOODLUMS CHARGED IN ON BILL AT PRECISELY THE SAME INSTANT, HE WAS READY FOR THEM



COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

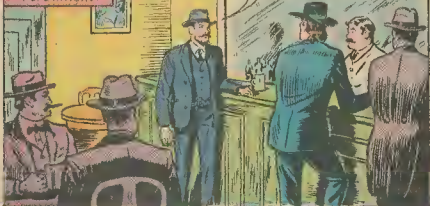
THE STORY OF WILD BILL'S NORTH PLATTE ADVENTURE SPREAD LIKE PRAIRIE FIRE THROUGH THE WEST. MORE AND MORE GLORY SEEKERS ASPIRED TO KILL WILD BILL TO ENHANCE THEIR OWN REPUTATIONS.

IT WAS ONLY A FEW DAYS LATER, WHEN IN CHICAGO, THAT BILL HAD HIS FIRST ENCOUNTER WITH SUCH A PERSON ---

SO YOU'RE WILD BILL HICKOK, THE KILLER? WELL, I DON'T BELIEVE THOSE STORIES 'BOUT YOU!

AH DON'T CARE IF YOU BELIEVE IT OR NOT, YOU PUNY CITY VARMINT!

WHEN YOU SAY THAT---DRAW!



YOU'LL HAVE T DRAW FASTER THAN THAT EF YOU WANT TO KILL WILD BILL, STRANGER!

W-W-WHAT THE--

THE NEXT SECOND, BILL PERFORMED ONE OF THE FEATS THAT MADE HIM SUCH A COLORFUL FIGURE.

AH WOULDN'T BE BOTHERED DRAWIN' MY GUNS ON THE LIKES OF YOU, YOU MISERABLE COVOTE!

HA-HA
HAW-HA!



ANY OF THE REST OF YOU WANT TROUBLE? I COULD LICK THE WHOLE LOT O' YOU WITHOUT MY GUNS!

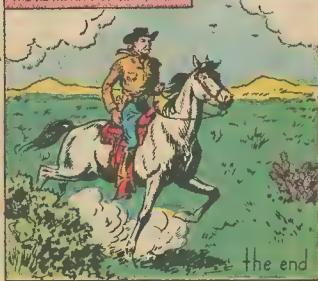
NOT ME--I DON'T WANT TROUBLE!

NOT WITH YOU, WILD BILL!

ME EITHER!



AND THUS ENDED ONE OF BILL'S RARE VISITS TO THE CITY. MOST OF THE REST OF HIS LIFE HE SPENT IN HIS BELOVED WEST WHERE FEW DARED QUESTION THE AUTHORITY OF HIS GUNS.



the end

The man who made the request was dressed in the latest eastern fashion wearing trousers and a tailor-made coat. He spoke to Burt. "This letter is very important. It's for a girl and she has to get it before tomorrow. Her entire happiness depends on what is in this letter. I'll give you a hundred dollars in gold to deliver that letter."

Burt laughed. "You're not giving me gold to deliver a letter. You'd be paying me to present my scalp to the Indians. No, mister, I don't think any girl is worth while risking your neck for when Indians are on the warpath."

The young man was not going to be put off so easily. "I'll double that amount if you'll get the message through. It's the least I can do for Ruth Wallace. She's with her uncle who was transferred from Fort Benton to Johnson. Who knows? They may be fighting the Indians at this very minute."

"I'll deliver that letter for you," replied Burt. "And your gold is most welcome. Help me get some stock for my ranch." The stranger opened a large purse and counted out the gold pieces. Then he climbed into the stage and waved his hand as the fleet footed mules started on their journey.

Burt returned to the inside of the station followed by his friend. "You're just plain loco," asserted Hank. "You can't get through with that letter. And I haven't even got a spare horse to give you. You'll have to ride the same horse right through. All that's available is the black-tan pony."

There were no words in reply. Burt went over to the gun and ammunition box. He opened the top of the chest. "I'm going to take two Colts with me," he announced. "And I'll carry four spare cylinders. I have my repeating rifle. That will give me 36 pistol shots and 7 in the rifle. Should be able to handle any situation."

Ten minutes later Burt was in the saddle. The letter which had been already wrapped in a protective covering of oiled silk was inside his buckskin jacket. "Ride like the blazes. Like the blazes" were the farewell words of Hank to his friend. "And make every shot count."

The first fifteen miles of the run were over straight prairie land. As the swift pony carried its rider along the edge of the river, four mounted Indians began to chase him. He heard a shot whiz past his ear. He held the reins with his left hand and began to fire with his right hand. One Indian went down and then a second. The oth-

er two stopped. Onward went the pony and his rider.

As the pony approached the forest of aspen trees Burt checked the speed of his mount. A trail had been cut through the previous year. He dropped his bridle reins on the neck of his horse and in his left hand, held his rifle at full cock. Slowly he went through the trail. He heard a slight rustle overhead and fired once. An Indian tumbled to the ground. Then a second later a human body fell upon him. It was an Indian in full war dress with a scalping knife.

"Me kill you," shouted the Brave as both men tumbled to the ground. Burt had dropped his rifle and was unable to get his Colt out of the holster. He bent the wrist of the Indian backwards until the knife fell to the ground. Then with the crook of his elbow he delivered a smashing blow to the chin of the Redskin. In front of him was the unconscious body of the man who had wanted his scalp.

"Must be a pretty important fellow with all those feathers," said Burt half aloud to himself. "Seems to me I ought to tie him up and carry him with me as sort of protection." He found his horse and with rawhide made an efficient job of turning the Indian into a package.

The extra weight made it impossible for the pony to continue at full speed. When they came out of the forest a bullet struck Burt in the side. He went for his Colt and fired every chamber. A shriek told him he had finished off his attacker.

Four hours later the startled citizens of Johnson City saw a strange sight. A pony carrying its half conscious bleeding rider with a tied Indian across the saddle. Burt remembered his last words as friendly hands helped him down. "Got a letter for Miss Wallace. Deliver it. . . ."

When he opened his eyes he was in a nice clean bed. And looking straight at him were a familiar group of people including Ruth Wallace. "Don't you say a word," she said putting her finger to her lips. "Listen carefully. You're the hero of the territory. The Indian you brought in happens to be Chief Wild Feather. As for the letter it came from the man I promised to marry. He has released me from my promise and is going back East. Now get some more rest . . . my darling hero."

*

—Harold Gluck

(THE END)

WESTERN WONDERS

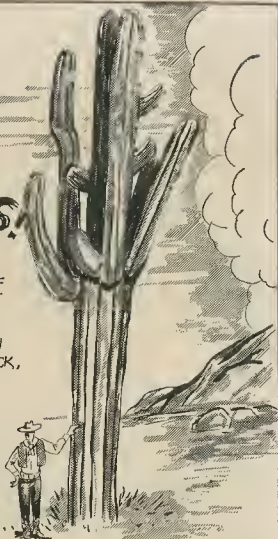
THE DESERT GIANTS.

DID YOU KNOW DEPT

THE ONLY SURE WAY TO
TELL A HORSE'S AGE, IS
TO LOOK AT HIS TEETH!



THE GIANT CACTUS OF
THE ARIZONA DESERT
ATTAIN THE HEIGHTS
OF FOURTY TO FIFTY
FEET, AND ARE OFTEN
ONE TO TWO FEET THICK,
THIS MAGNIFICENT
CACTUS IS ALSO
PROTECTED BY LAW,
FOR BESIDES BEING
BEAUTIFUL, IT IS A
NATURAL WATER
RESERVOIR, AND
BEARS FRUIT WHICH
THE INDIANS USE
FOR FOOD!



SEA-GOING BULLS!



WHEN YOU HEAR THE WORD
"BULL", YOU AT ONCE THINK OF THE
ANIMAL AT THE LEFT, WHICH IS FOUND
ON THE WESTERN PRAIRIES, BUT
THE WORD IS ALSO APPLIED TO
THE MALES OF OTHER LARGE
MAMMALS SUCH AS
"WHALES"!

